Daddy

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/20874941.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Baby - Character, Matthew Brown, mention of Jack Crawford, Mention of Alana Bloom, mention of Margot Verger
Additional Tags:	Fluff, Flirting, Mpreg, time jumps, Slice of Life, shifting povs, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Omega Will, Alpha Hannibal, Omega Distress, Jealousy, Murder
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Yours For the Taking
Stats:	Published: 2019-10-03 Words: 1,819 Chapters: 1/1

Daddy

by slashyrogue

Summary

> “Tell me.”
>
> “I’m pregnant.”

Notes

> I said it was over but yeah I lied. I started to write this one just for myself and it ended with just Will's POV but looking back on it I wanted to have it flow into the last story so now there's more.

“Is there something you want to tell me?”

The question made Will pause with his hand on the refrigerator door. “No?”

He felt Hannibal come up and scent into the back of his neck, sniffing him deeply.

“No?”

“Not that I,” he gasped as Hannibal licked around the back of his ear, “Know of.”

He could feel Hannibal’s cock hard against his ass and bit back a moan as he rocked them against the fridge. “Will...I know your scent better than my own. Your distress is like poison to my olfactory system and the biological changes are quite easy to determine.”

Will sighed. “I….”

Hannibal stuck his hand down the back of Will’s jeans to tease at his already wet hole.

“Tell me.”

“I’m pregnant.”

“Yes, you are,” Hannibal whispered, pressing another finger inside him, “And you kept it from me.”

Will leaned back against him, turning his head to look into Hannibal’s eyes.

“You kept plenty of things from me, Alpha,” he sighed, turning until they were face to face again, “It was my turn.”

Hannibal smiled. “I see. You mean to tell me there was no reason other than that?”

Will licked his lips. “You seem to know everything, why don’t you tell me?”

“You were afraid I might forbid you to participate in our nightly...activities.”

He tensed up at the words and hated himself for it.

How this man had come to know him so well in such a short time he didn’t know but it was annoying as hell most of the time.

“Most alphas don’t want their children in danger.”

Hannibal undid the buttons of his shirt slowly and put hands on Will’s belly. “It seems quite safe to me.”

Will frowned. “You’re happy?”

Hannibal got down on his knees and pressed a kiss to Will's just slightly larger belly. He looked up at him with nothing but love in his eyes. "Extremely. There was no need for you to think otherwise. I know you are more than capable and it would be criminal of me to keep you from something you enjoy so very much."

Will grinned. "Are you gonna wear the red shirt again? The one I like?"

He nodded. "Whatever you desire Will."

"No weapons tonight," Will said, "I want you to use your hands."

Hannibal stood slowly, running his hands up Will's sides as he went and pulling him into a kiss that took his breath away.

"And what will you use, Will?"

Will snapped his teeth. "Your favorite."

Hannibal licked his lips. "Then I think we have a guest waiting for us downstairs."

Will took his shirt off entirely and let it fall to the floor.

"Lead the way...Daddy."

****

"Don't touch me!" Will yelled, curling up on the couch.

Hannibal sighed.

"Being territorial over your mate is not uncommon during pregnancy."

He glared at Hannibal. "You sniffed her neck! You….I…I wanted to slit her throat! I…if I touched an alpha like that you'd stab him in the eye!"

The jealousy had at first been a rather interesting amusement to Hannibal during the last month. Will was nearing the end of his second trimester, which only meant the need would get worse. Hannibal hadn't even thought of his gesture being sexual as the woman in question, Alana, was mated herself, but now he knew his faux pas had been ill advised. Will was extremely vulnerable and he should've known better.

"Someone had spilled a drink down Alana's back and I was merely helping determine if she reeked of alcohol. It meant nothing sexual, nor did either of us consider it so. Margot was standing beside her and happened to find it amusing as well."

Will scoffed. "If Margot was standing beside there why did *you* think it was your business to fucking sniff her? Who cares if she smells?"

He sat on the other end of the couch. "I was merely helping my friend."

“Someone you’ve had sex with before.”

“Will…”

“Someone who….”

Hannibal pulled on his legs and Will fell back onto the couch. He gasped as Hannibal crawled over him and stared down into his eyes. “I think of no one but you in a sexual manner. Your distress pains me physically and you know it. I have never had sexual intercourse with Alana Bloom nor do I have any want to do so. I need you to understand that you own me, body and soul, and there is no one that can change that. All that I am….”

“...is yours for the taking,” Will whispered, reaching up to touch his cheek.

He kissed his palm and felt Will’s distress start to dissolve into the calmness he craved.

“I will not touch another person in that manner again.”

“I just…I can’t. I just can’t see you do that.”

Hannibal leaned down to sniff Will’s neck. “No one’s neck smells as lovely as yours.”

Will’s hands came to his hair and shuddered at the touch.

“Hannibal…”

“Have you forgiven me?”

“You know I have.”

“Do you…wish to celebrate that forgiveness?”

Will gently pushed Hannibal back from his neck and the warm flush to his cheeks made Hannibal’s entire body melt.

He was the most beautiful creature Hannibal had ever seen.

“You know I do.”

“Here?”

Will licked his lips. “The kitchen.”

Hannibal smiled. “Did all that anger make you and our offspring hungry?”

“No,” Will whispered, “I want you to wear the apron again.”

He moved to stand, held out his hand, and smiled. “Then I do believe it’s time for me to...cook.”

Will's scent when he stood seemed to amplify, and Hannibal's cock was already hard in anticipation.

"I think I can handle the counter again…Dr. Lecter."

He squeezed Will's hand as he was lead from the study towards the kitchen.

Fighting was not something he enjoyed with Will but making up was one of his favorite activities.

He would put all his effort into having their next quarrel be less upsetting.

After all, soon they would have little time for adventurous sexual activities.

"We'll see, Daddy."

Will turned and glared at him. "That only works when I do it."

He sighed. "Apologies."

He turned Hannibal against the wall and kissed him softly, rocking them against each other just before he pulled away. "Now be a good alpha and get naked. I'll get the apron."

Hannibal watched Will walk towards the kitchen and sighed happily.

"All that I am is yours for the taking," he whispered, starting to unbutton his shirt.

He would be sure to remind Will of that everyday for the rest of their lives.

****

The first time he killed someone with his teeth Will had done it for the safety of his mate. He still remembered how it tasted, the way he'd felt, and the aftermath.

Now after many more times of doing some pretty awful things that very same way, he didn't expect it to feel different.

Then of course he was approached by an orderly who introduced himself as Matthew Brown.

Jack had been against Will visiting the man calling himself, "The Chesapeake Ripper," but Will had insisted that he'd know first hand if Dr. Abel Gideon was the real deal. Plus Hannibal was annoyed and downright angry over someone taking credit for his work, so he felt the need to put his mate at ease.

His meeting with Matt didn't happen normally, an accident with a cart, and Will was caught in the alpha's arms.

The smell of his interest was easy to detect, and Will felt irritated that someone would blatantly display themselves that way in front of a mated omega let alone one that was nearing the end of a pregnancy.

But Mr. Brown was shameless, he knew that within minutes of his display of bravado, and Will thought maybe Hannibal catching his scent would make for a good territorial fucking at the very least.

Which it turned out was quite true, as later that evening Will walked into their kitchen only for Hannibal to see red and begin biting him all over before they had mated on the floor like rabid animals.

Will didn't expect to see Matthew Brown again.

The phone call was what brought them together once more.

A week after the other alpha's advances Hannibal was been invited to swim with a colleague at the local country club and told Will he would call him when he was headed home. Will had begun to have cravings for some waffle fries at odd times lately and there was a place on the way.

The phone call came just after seven, and Hannibal's name on the phone screen made Will's stomach growl.

"Perfect timing," he laughed, "We were just…."

"Hello, Mr. Graham."

Will froze.

"Who is this?"

"You may not remember me but I remember you. I've been doing nothing but think of you since we met. You smelled so good, you know?"

He held onto the kitchen counter to stay upright as his legs began to shake.

"Matthew."

The chuckle on the other end made his skin crawl.

"You do remember me. See, I told you we were meant to be together!"

Will felt a tear go down his face. "Who are you talking to?"

"Your alpha, of course. He's struggling but I'm gonna kill him for us, ok? Don't worry it won't take long."

He let the phone drop and ran out of the house, so angry that he could do nothing but growl the whole drive. The call to Jack was a precaution in case he didn't get there fast enough.

But he got there.

Matt turned just as he was about to kick the bucket out from under Hannibal's feet.

Will rushed forward without a word and knocked him to the ground. He tore into the alpha's neck with his teeth, pulling flesh and desperate with the need to kill. This was about more than his mate, more than himself, it was about his family. He kept on even after Matt no longer moved, the death throes kicking in, and didn't stop until he heard Hannibal's voice.

"Will."

He looked up, his mouth full of skin and raw sinew, and to his shock Hannibal was smiling.

"You....look....beautiful."

Jack and the police came in right then and began to help Hannibal down from where he was hung, the paramedics looking to make sure Will was safe before they went to the body.

Will nearly collapsed into Hannibal's arms, shaking so badly he could hardly stand, and his scent was everything.

"I am happy I got to see it," he whispered, his voice hoarse, "My protector."

Two days later Will went into labor.

Loralei Mischa Lecter-Graham was born on October 3, 2019. She looked like Will in miniature form, though Will insisted she had Hannibal's smile.

Truth be told, she looked like them both.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!